The Undutiful

# Daughter of Devonshire:

OR,

The careful Kind indulgent Fathers Entreaties for her to forsake her Lover a Spend-thrift, and to Embrace a Farmers hopeful Son.

The Tune is, How can I be Merry or Glad. Licensed according to Order.

BEhold I am an Aged Man;
who have one Youthful Daughter dear;
And yet let me take what care I can,
she'll not to my Counsel once give ear.

I love her as I do my Life,
for her I take a Constant Care;
Therefore I'd not have her make a Wife,
for him that should bring her to Despair.

Having one Daughter, and no more,
she should a Loving Father find;
I'll give her both Gold and Silver store,
if she would but marry to my mind.

But she has set her Love on one,
who is a Man of mean degree;
And tho I have School'd her still alone,
she'll not in the least be ryl'd by me.

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He is a Spend-thrift Gaming Blade,
that Roams abroad both far and near;
And therefore as I have often said,
there's nothing but ruine does appear.

I tell her this with melting Eyes,
and beg of her to take good heed;
Yet she does my Counsel still despise,
which causes my Aged heart to bleed.

I tell her of the Pains and Care,
which I have took for what I have;
And therefore I think it is not fair,
to Spend it upon a Crafty Knave.

In Taverns will he Rant and Roar,
and e'ry lewd Companion feast;
And when he has quite Consum'd her store,
he'll never regard her in the least.

She knows that he delights to Game,
and does of folly take his fill;
Yet this will not in the least reclaim,
her obstinate Disobedient will.

Alas! he is my Darling dear,
this day alive I have no more;
Therefore I would have her flourish here,
and live as her Mother has done before.

She is I find so stubborn grown,
that what I have she will not prize;
For I declare I will hold my own!
she Values not that in the least she cryes.

Nay, was he but an honest Man,
in whom I might some hope behold;
I'd ne'er deny him. for I can
give with her three hundred Pounds in Gold.

'Tis true, three Hundred Pounds, they may
be thought a portion mean and small.
Yet I think it too much to throw away
on one that will Pills it against the Wall.

Besides when I this world shall leave,
her Lot will then full larger be:
The rest of my Creature she'll then receive,
for why I can give it to none but she.

Again I'll to my Daughter go,
where like a Father and a Friend.
I'll Court her to let this Spend-thrift go,
why should she with sorrow my heart attend?

And if she does my Counsel take,
I have a Farmers Son in store
Who will a kind loving Husband make
and does her fair beautiful Charms adore.

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